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The Evening World.
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AFTER NINE DAYS.

IT HAS BEEN a week of tension and deep anxiety—a Holy Week not to be forgotten in this generation.

It ends, however, with relief and further strengthening of Allied confidence. The British and French lines are holding. The most terrific and costly drive the enemy has yet made has gained him nothing he can count worth a hundredth part of the price. He has drawn heavily on his reserves. The Allies have kept theirs intact, while exacting terrible payment for every foot of German advance.

Allied power to resist the utmost effort Germany can make has never been more convincingly demonstrated. And the hour for a counterblow seems close at hand.

For Americans the week closes with news from Europe that arouses special interest and satisfaction.

Gen. Pershing's offer of the entire strength of the United States forces in Europe for the great battle now in progress has the approval, instant and deep, of this entire Nation.

As for the appointment of Gen. Foch to the supreme Allied command, nothing could be more certain to win American applause. In his telegram of congratulation, President Wilson said:

> Such unity of command is a most hopeful augury of ultimate success.

Such unity of command is exactly what this Nation has, from its first entrance into the conflict, urged upon the Allies as their greatest need. No influence has been so strong as that exerted by the United States to repair the most dangerous defect in the earlier Allied conduct of the war.

Anyhow Hizzoner will find more of the peepul to squeeze up to at Atlantic City than at Palm Beach.

A SOUND DEAL IN DAYLIGHT.

TO-NIGHT, at the expense of one hour of darkness, the country secures to itself upwards of two hundred extra hours of daylight during the next seven months.

It is a deal worth celebrating. Though it is pretty certain the majority of New Yorkers will be content to conclude their share of the bargain by setting their watches an hour ahead at their usual bedtimes. Members of the New York Daylight Saving Association can be relied upon to sit up until 2 A. M. and see that the big hands of the Metropolitan Tower clock in Madison Square are pushed ahead with due flourish and ceremony.

This association is fully entitled to the local honors of the occasion. It has worked hard to bring about one of the most sensible and practical adjustments the Nation has ever agreed upon—the success of which is guaranteed in advance by the experience of England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Portugal.

The newness of the improved daylight schedule will make a strong appeal to Americans. The exhilarating sense of an earlier start in the morning, the pleasant realization that the sun is still two or three hours above the horizon when work is over, are certain to give added zest and interest to the routine of daily life.

There is also a chance that it may increase in Americans that fondness for sitting, eating, talking and listening to music out of doors and in public places which is one of the fundamental instincts and inexhaustible resources for inexpensive recreation and amusement enjoyed by the peoples of Europe.

To foreigners it always seems amazing that Central Park in summer is not a place of scores of restaurants and tea and coffee pavilions, with bands playing at a dozen points, surrounded by thousands of happy people sitting at tables, sipping mild drinks or nibbling cakes. And toward evening they would expect to see hundreds more dining under trees and on terraces at prices suited to all pocketbooks.

Central Park is nothing like that.

Who says it wouldn't be a better playground if it were—with big band concerts refreshing tired brains, stirring pulses and rousing patriotism twice every day—instead of semi-occasional music doled out parsimoniously by a city that does not yet appreciate either the value of public music or the full possibilities of public parks?

It may be an extra hour of daylight during the out-of-door season will suggest to New Yorkers new kinds of quiet recreation for the late afternoon and early evening hours. It may be the habit of eating out of doors and delight in open-air gatherings and open-air music may develop to a point where they will win municipal recognition and encouragement. If so, daylight saving will have performed a service of more than economic and war value.

New York should take hold of the daylight saving programme with the determination to profit by all there is in it.

To-morrow is Sunday. Those who do not go to bed an hour earlier to-night can in most cases easily make it up to-morrow morning. Everybody will have plenty of opportunity to get in step before to-morrow night. There is no reason why Monday morning should not find each New Yorker starting the new schedule to the minute, with a sharp lookout for every advantage either for work or play.

May another Easter be different.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Most of our time is passed in getting used to the things we didn't expect.—Chicago News.

Says the "chaser" to the submarine: "Oh, U boat!"—Columbia (S. C.) State.

A little taffy judiciously applied makes a humble man stuck up.—Chicago News.

The man that tries to mend his ways generally finds that a lot of the parts are missing. — Binghamton Press.

Men accomplish most when they are tireless, but automobiles are different.—Philadelphia Record.

Luckily, the Easter bonnets will have been financed before the next Liberty Loan comes along.—Baltimore American.

When a man has been married for a while he becomes thoroughly convinced that he can make his wife do just what she wants to do.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Don't grumble if food and fuel are short; the crop of diamonds is unusually large.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

It's all right to save daylight, but what can you buy with it after you have got some saved up?—Indianapolis News.

Hang the Expense!

By J. H. Cassel

One Woman's Easter

By Sophie Irene Loeb

A WOMAN came to me to tell me something of her work. She was speaking of what she intended to do at the Easter week-end. She will spend the time in getting recruits.


SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

"It is the day of the Prince of Peace and I am going to try to explain the true meaning of peace as I see it," she said. "I shall tell them what I think the Prince of Peace would have said to them were he alive to-day. Summed up, it is—to fight for peace that will be sure and safe; that peace with oppression is sought only by the weak and the cowardly.

"Lloyd George's appeal to send men, men, men, should be answered and there is no time like Easter to begin. It seems to me the great mission of 'peace on earth' is to work for the peace that will be everlasting—the kind the Prince of Peace would have been willing to die for again and again if he had more lives to give.

"And I wish you would say in your paper," urged this woman, "that the great resurrection that is most needed in the world is the arousing of all the forces that can fight—the fight for peace—that does not pass understanding, but that which is firmly established in every creed and in every language.

"To my mind it is the one big Easter message, and I am hopeful that many of our women will be enlisted in the big drive for recruits—recruits for such an army as will bring about the great aim of our country. Tell your readers to urge the women of each little section where they live to send the message of 'Arise!' It is Easter, and the best time in the world to be aroused 'from one's dead self to better things.'"

There is much wisdom in this woman's words. It is the momentous thing of the day. And woman can play her great part in creating the spirit that makes soldiers. The big battle that is raging at this moment should thunder over to us as a bugle call in the interest of the one thing the world has ever striven for—the assurance of freedom to all nations, great and small. Surely there can be no better fight—no greater way to die. The humblest private plays his fine part in the entire scheme. Every man counts. In truth he counts more now than he ever did. Many people say that we over here are not truly awake to the enormous thing going on over there. Well, then, there is no time like the present—no time to lose. It is not now a question of doing one's best. When all is summed up, we have not begun to summon all of our strength.

Summoning strength means for the individual; giving means the individual; meeting the crisis means the individual. In a word the individual must needs meet each issue of war as his very own, and then there will be, in truth, a union in strength and a strength in union. There are those who have sacrificed everything, their best beloved and their money. But there are many, many of us who have done too little. Each must put forth his particular effort, if all would benefit. It is better to die in such effort than to live in the feeling of having shirked.

For, after all, in the words of a worthy soul, "If when in your endeavor to achieve high purpose you meet with misunderstanding and apparent defeat, let your solace be found in the memory of Him whose mission on earth culminated in Calvary."

The Birth of Our Navy

UNCLE SAM'S navy, which has so often given proof of its valor and which in this war is playing so great a role, had its start 124 years ago, when Congress authorized the construction or purchase of six frigates. The war vessels of the Revolution had been destroyed or sold, and in 1793 the infant Republic was utterly without a navy.

On March 27, 1794, Congress responded to this need by appropriating $700,000 for six frigates, but it was thriftily provided that work on the vessels should cease in the event of a peace with Algiers being secured. In 1795 a treaty was made with that country.

The construction of the vessels was suspended, which emboldened the officers of English cruisers in boarding American ships and impressing Yankee seamen into the English service, declaring that such men as they took had been deserters from the British Navy.

Congress then awoke to the seriousness of the situation and ordered the work on three of the frigates to proceed. In 1797 the Constitution, the Constellation and the United States took to the water. By 1812, when the war with England broke out, the navy had been increased to twenty vessels.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"I'M going downtown shopping with Mrs. Jenkins to-day," said Mrs. Jarr as Mr. Jarr was preparing to leave home to buck the daily bread line. "Mrs. Jenkins is coming in town from East Malaria and will meet me at the Big Bargain Bazaar, and then she's coming home with me. She wants Mr. Jenkins to come up from the office with you in the evening to take his wife home."

"Fine!" said Mr. Jarr. "What else?"

"Why, nothing else, only don't forget to tell Mr. Jenkins."

"Doesn't he know?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She must have forgot to tell him," said Mrs. Jarr. "She telephoned last night to tell you to be sure to tell him at the office to-day."

"How could she forget to tell her husband when she remembered to telephone you? Doesn't he come home these days?"

"Now don't be too inquisitive about other people's affairs," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Maybe Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins aren't speaking."

"If that's so, if they're having a tiff, maybe he won't come up to our house to have dinner with us and his silent bride?" Mr. Jarr suggested.

"Now you mind your business," remarked Mrs. Jarr placidly. "He'll come all right. It's only when a woman is kind and too amiable to her husband that he imposes on her good nature."

"Well, I'll tell Jenk his wife will be here this evening, but I don't see why they can't do their fighting at home like we do," said Mr. Jarr.

"Tie a string around your finger so you won't forget to tell him to come up with you," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "I want the Jenkinses to make themselves at home, for now the spring is coming East Malaria, where they live, is a nice place to have friends. We can take the children out there and visit when the nice weather comes, and gather violets and pussy willows"—

"And coughs and colds and poison ivy," said Mr. Jarr gravely. "However, I'll tell Jenk his wife will be here this evening and we would like them to meet and get acquainted."

"Please don't try to be funny!" Mrs. Jarr retorted. "The Jenkinses get along as well as any married couple I know."

"Yes, I guess they do," said Mr. Jarr. "But I don't want them to pull off any combats in our home."

"It's human nature to have differences of opinion," said Mrs. Jarr placidly. "People do not quarrel because they are married; in fact, I think they quarrel much less when they are. After all, maybe it is because we love so strongly that we quarrel at all. I am sure I don't care what people do whom I do not like or am indifferent to. But I am very sensitive where those I am fond of are concerned. Sensitive of what they say and what they do. And that's the way it is with everybody else, I suppose."

Mr. Jarr said he imagined this was the true psychology of marital tiffs.

"All right, then, that's all arranged," said Mrs. Jarr. "So when you are coming home, stop off at the butcher's and get a nice steak. It isn't a beefless day, is it?"

Mr. Jarr said he didn't think it was.

"And get a loaf of bread, rye bread if it is wheatless day," added Mrs. Jarr. "And get some strawberries if they are not too dear. If they are too dear get grapefruit."

"Why don't you send out for those things yourself, let Gertrude, the girl, go shopping? Why should I come home loaded with bundles like a horse?" asked Mr. Jarr indignantly.

"To put Mr. Jenkins in a good humor, you goose!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "He's a commuter and has to carry everything home they use from the city, almost. That's what he and Mrs. Jenkins had a tiff about. He stood for everything till she had him exchanging corsets in the city for her—then they had words."

"And when he sees me packing home bundles, right in the city's heart, it will make him content with his suburban lot, so to speak, and then he will let his wife forgive him for rebelling?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Certainly!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Now run along!"

DIPLOMATIC APPROACH.

A LADY in the suburbs was considerably annoyed to find her neighbor's fowls continually overrunning her garden and playing havoc with her geraniums. "Go around to the next door, Jane," she said to her new English maid, "and point out to Mrs. Jones that her fowls bother us a good deal, and ask her if she'll kindly try to keep them at home."

The girl returned with a satisfied look on her face. "I don't fancy we shall 'ave 'em round 'ere again in a 'urry, ma'am," she replied.

"I hope you were polite, Jane," remarked her mistress.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," came the reply. "'Missus respects,' I sez, 'and if your fowls ain't kept at 'ome you won't be gettin' o' many heggs of a mornin' and we shall be eatin' poultry!'"—Christian Register.

Stories of Spies

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 10—JOHN ANDRE, the Victim of Benedict Arnold's Treason to the United States.

HE was John Andre—young, handsome, brilliant, accomplished—a Major in the British Army. He was one of the most likable and popular men in King George's service.

In England he had fallen in love with a girl who returned his affection in ample measure. Her parents had forbidden the match. Andre came to America to forget. The girl died of heartbreak.

Into the Revolutionary War young Andre threw himself, heart and soul, winning distinction for courage and for every other soldierly quality.

While a British force was stationed at Philadelphia, in 1777, he met Peggy Shippen, a Tory belle, and when the British evacuated Philadelphia he corresponded with her from the English headquarters at New York.

The Americans occupied Philadelphia. Gen. Benedict Arnold was appointed Military Governor of the city. Arnold had done gallant service in the Revolution. Also, he was George Washington's trusted friend. He thought he had been unjustly treated by Congress and that less worthy officers had been promoted over his head. So by the time he reached Philadelphia he had a bitter grievance against almost everybody.

Arnold met Peggy, who enslaved his heart at once. In a very short time he married her. Skilfully she played upon his grievances, until presently he was induced to open negotiations with Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander in New York. Andre was on Clinton's staff there. He was still corresponding with Peggy. And it was he, under the name of "Anderson," who now carried on Clinton's negotiations with Arnold.

Arnold's Affection Won by Peggy.

Peggy Shippen has been called "The Delilah of the American Revolution" for her alleged feat of sapping Arnold's loyalty and helping to turn a patriot-hero into a traitor.

Arnold was put in command of West Point. This fort was not only the key of the Hudson, but also the key to the Revolution. If West Point should fall the Revolution could not hope to survive. Arnold arranged to sell this priceless fort to the British.

It was the blackest bit of treason, perhaps, in history. And John Andre was chosen by Clinton to make the final arrangements to consummate the deal.

Armed with a passport, Andre came up the Hudson in the British sloop-of-war Vulture to a spot near West Point. There, by stealth, he met Arnold and received from the traitor the necessary documents for the transfer. He did not come thither as a spy; but, against his wish, he speedily became one.

Gunfire from the shore scared the Vulture away from the anchorage where she awaited Andre's return from the conference with Arnold. Andre thus could not get back to New York except by land. Arnold lent him a horse and he started on his journey. He was not in uniform. He was carrying documents of treasonable information through the enemy's country. This made him a spy.

For safekeeping Andre hid the papers between the soles of his feet and his silken stockings. He rode southward, toward New York, with no mishaps until he reached a strip of ground near Tarrytown, which was a sort of No Man's Land, ravaged by scouting parties from both armies.

Through the Lines to Capture.

Here he came upon three men who were playing cards at the roadside. He hailed them as Englishmen. They were Americans, and they arrested him. Instead of using his wits, Andre tried to bribe them to let him go. They refused, and carried him to their commander.

Andre was searched. The damning papers were found inside his stockings. Word of his capture was sent to Arnold at his own request. Arnold took advantage of the warning. He boarded the Vulture and escaped safely to New York.

The luckless Andre had saved Arnold, but he could not save himself. He was tried and convicted as a spy and was sentenced to be hanged. As he was led out to execution he turned to the American officers who were escorting him to the scaffold and said:

"Bear witness, gentlemen, I die as a brave man should!"

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

"THIS place is really very cosmopolis," said Lucile, the Waitress, to the Friendly Patron.

"You mean—?"

"I mean people in all walks of life come in here. Some of them are noted and others just of the common clan. But they all conglomerate to make this place quite cosmopolis. Who do you think we had in here to-day?"

"I give it up."

"A famous horse doctor. To look at him you wouldn't never a thought he was so noted. He really looked like he'd been called and couldn't answer, but it turned out he was some baby in the horse world. No sooner do I go to get his order than he smiles at me and says: 'Like the horse?'

"'We ain't begun to serve it in here yet,' I tell him.

"'You don't understand me,' he pipes. 'I mean have you a fondness for man's best friend.'

"'Man's best friend,' I tell him, 'is the dollar bill. However, since you desire to elucidate about horses, go to it—I like the horse.'

"'I'm a veterinarian,' he says.

"'Veterinarian of the Civil War?' I ask.

"He corrects me and I see where I'm wrong. 'I'm not a veteran,' he says, 'I'm a veterinarian—horse doctor.'

"He peeves me just a cunning little bit so I turn loose my seventy-six mile verbose gun. 'Well, we ain't got any sick horses in here,' I says, 'although I sometimes think Billy, the bus boy there, has got horse in him.'

"'Why?' he asks.

"'Oh, he's such a staller,' I says. It was a good little joke and no wonder he laughed. 'But,' I shoot at him, 'I am all in the murky bout why you told me you are a horse doctor. Spill me the rest of the tale, friend.'

"'I was just going to tell you about how the American veterinarians in France are taking the bray out of the mules over there.'

"'Putting mufflers on their pipes, eh?' I says.

"'Yes, after a manner,' comes from him. 'You see, they operate on a mule's nose and then he can't bray any more.'

"'They rob him of his alto horn, eh?' I says.

"'Quite so,' he says. 'The soldiers didn't want the mules to bray secrets to the enemy. Now, I don't see why the same operation can't be performed on human beans.'

"Say, Uncle, dear, I got the idea he was casting pearls before wine at me. I didn't like the instigation at all, I didn't. But I was quite reserve about it. With a cyndical manner I give him one look.

"'Are you trying to tell me I bray?' I ask.

"'Oh, not at all,' he says. 'But you will admit that some of us talk too much.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'so I'm noticing.'

"Well, sir, it hit him decidedly susceptible. He takes a long inhale to spout, but don't. With a second afterthought he just looks at me and says, 'Liver and bacon!'

"Our talk being over, he says no more to me, and really I'm sorry I put the final curtain down on the show. I wanted to know more about that nose operation."

"Why?" asked the Friendly Patron.

"Well," replied Lucile, after a moment of thought, "if there was any demerit to it I thought I'd like to explain it to the old lady up home. You see, just between you and me, the old man brays all over the block when he runs afoul of a couple of long swigs of joy juice. I thought maybe we could slip one over on him. You know, charity begins at home and the devil takes the hindmost."

Newest Things in Science

An Alabama inventor's revolver is practically a miniature machine gun as, instead of a cylinder, its cartridges are loaded into a chain of almost any desired length.

Nearly a quarter of a century of service has been obtained in England from an electric cable that is insulated with a specially prepared paper and carries 10,000 volts.

After extensive experimenting the Department of Agriculture has announced that Bermuda onion seed can be profitably grown in some parts of Texas, Arizona and California.

A New York inventor's rear signal for automobiles raises arrows pointing to the right or left to indicate the direction a car is going to [illegible] or both arrows to show it is about to stop when buttons on the steering wheel are pressed.

An Austrian scientist has de[illegible] a method for the removal of [illegible] substances from human bodi[illegible] the aid of ex-rays, whereby [illegible] geon can see the field of ope[illegible] with one eye normally, and [illegible] illumination by the rays w[illegible] other.